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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FRANCIS WILLIAM GREENWOOD.

A YOUNG man who dies before he has reached the full age of manhood, and while yet in the preparatory studies of life, can seldom hope to be known or remembered beyond the circle of his immediate friends. However well founded may have been the hopes entertained of him, they will have little weight when he is gone. He has as yet filled no place on the theatre of life. He has left no work unfinished, to remind men of his departure. His labors, thus far, have been upon himself; and the character he was forming, and the efforts which he made, have disappeared together.

We have felt all this while speaking of our late friend, Francis W. Greenwood. Perhaps upon no young man in our community, were more hopes resting, than upon him. The name which he had inherited from his father, the profession which he had chosen, and his own high character, all made him an object of general attention. Many who loved the memory of the father, hoped to see him coming back to them in the person of his son.

Still, these were but hopes, and, except with a very few, all was yet uncertain. He had done little which could make them good. His life was passed in quiet studies and preparation for more active duties in the future. We do not expect that many will feel about him as we have done. Still, the beauty of his character and his early death may make him an object of some interest, even to those who cannot remember him as a friend.

The pieces of his own composition which are interwoven with the present sketch, were found in his desk after his death. They were written mostly in pencil, and, with one or two exceptions, had never been seen but by a single intimate friend.

FRANCIS WILLIAM GREENWOOD, eldest son of the late F. W. P. GREENWOOD, D. D., was born in Boston, on the 1st of July, 1826. His childhood was marked by few incidents which are now worthy of remembrance. With such a father and mother as God had given him, it could hardly fail of being innocent and happy. His brother Charles, nearly two years younger than himself, was his constant companion, and the two boys found, in each other's society, a substitute for the playfellows whom the chances of a large city might otherwise have thrown in their way. Notwithstanding their difference in age, it was the wish of their parents that the two boys should be always together, at school as well as at home; and the mind of Charles was developed too early to make it ever necessary to keep Frank back from the studies suitable to his years. They were both usually in advance of their schoolmates of Frank's age.

No boys could have been more exclusively under good influences than they. A large garden adjoined the house in which they spent many of their early years, and here they passed their hours of play-time. On their half-holidays, they took long rambles with their father through the fields adjoining Boston, in search of different objects in Natural History. And, in the summer vacations, they lived in the country, joining in all the sports common to their years, but always under the same watchful eyes. Their after lives were the natural result of this early care.

At an early age, they entered the Public Latin School, where they passed nearly five years. The influences here exerted upon them agreed well with those of home. Although open to boys from all classes of society, the Latin School is pre-eminent for the high moral tone which exists among its scholars. The strictness and perfect regularity of its laws fill the boys' minds, insensibly, with a regard for order and justice, and the entire confidence reposed in their honor makes the love of truth almost universal among them. The intellectual character of the School is too well known to require comment.

Frank and Charles were not remarkably hard students, but they attended faithfully to their school duties, and found time beside, for several studies of a lighter character. Their moral habits were irreproachable, and were never, at home or at school, in a single instance, called into suspicion. They still kept together in their studies, always

in the same division, and usually side by side. At the time of leaving school, the marks of the whole preceding year were added together, and, although amounting for each, to several thousands, the sums total of Frank and Charles differed but by a single unit.

At the Commencement of 1841, they entered Harvard College. Both were still very young, Frank being but fifteen and Charles thirteen years old; but they had the natural impatience of boys to get onward in life, and as they had already waited one year more at the Latin School than was necessary, their parents saw no good reason for detaining them longer. They enjoyed the freedom of college life, and entered with alacrity into its pursuits. Charles took the greatest interest in the college studies, and gave himself to them with a constancy which, with his talents, promised the most brilliant success. Frank, on the contrary, although holding a sufficiently high rank in his class, devoted many hours in every day to other pursuits, and especially to music, for which he had always a great fondness.

Previous to their entering college, many of the friends of the two boys had observed this difference of tastes, and foreseeing that Charles, although the younger, would probably gain the higher rank, had begged their parents not to expose them, as class-mates, to the ill-feelings which might arise from the comparison. But their parents knew too well the dispositions of the boys, and the strength of their mutual affection, to listen to such fears. A little incident, at the beginning of their second year in college, showed how groundless these fears were.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year, it is customary to distribute among those who have most distinguished themselves as Freshmen, a number of prizes, known as "Deturs," and purchased from the Hopkins Fund. On this occasion, Charles received a valuable book, while Frank was omitted. Charles evidently felt disappointed as he received his prize, and placed the volume silently upon the shelf, while it was only through Frank and the pleasure which he showed in his brother's success, that their parents knew of the occurrence. No feeling of triumph or jealousy ever, through life, interrupted their affectionate intercourse. It seems strange, as we now look back upon their characters, that the existence of such a feeling could ever have been feared.

Their father died at the end of their second college year. His memory is yet too fresh with most who will read these pages, for us to dwell upon his loss; but the following lines, written by Frank, nearly three years after, show the depth of his affection for his father, and the influence it ever continued to exercise upon him. They were

written upon his last birthday, and while he was busy in preparing the volume of his father's Miscellanies, which he published in the autumn.

TO MY FATHER.

In other days my spirit dwells,
Of other days my heart's tone tells,
When all of good I found in thee,
And thou an anxious hope in me.

When darkened round the evening gloom,
And shadows stole across the room;
I sat a child upon thy knee,
And thou and I were company.

Then in the silent evening gray,
What words of wonder thou did'st say;
Or filled my heart with words of love,
Or words that raised my thoughts above.

Alas, forgotten! save whene'er
Some dying memories, nurtured there,
Have come a faded, broken band,
To tell me of their native land.

And thou, too, art no longer here:—
Long since I stood beside thy bier—
And I must tread the world alone,
Without thy friendly look and tone.

Yet, in the solemn twilight, thou
Wilt come and sit beside me now;
And keep my tottering soul from stain,
And make me yet a child again.

July 1st, 1846.

A few weeks after their father's death, the two boys returned to college. Life seemed a graver thing to them than it had done before, and they engaged in their duties with a more determined spirit. They had never passed so studious a term. Although not so gay as before, they were soon cheerful, and took a renewed interest in all around them. To each other they were more than they had ever been. They left college for the winter vacation, hoping to return together with the

coming term. But it was ordered otherwise. Charles was attacked by rapid consumption, and, when the term opened, was far too ill to return to college. On the 13th of March, he died. Who can describe the desolation which must have filled Frank's heart, when he felt that he was gone forever?

No young person could have been more generally lamented than Charles Greenwood. There was a charm about his first appearance which won every heart. Persons who saw him but once, yet remember his high, clear forehead and dark eyes, and the strange union of deep thought and almost childlike beauty in his face. His more intimate classmates loved him as a younger brother, and in many of their memories he has left a place which no one else will fill.

In character, he was as nearly faultless as any person whom we have ever known; and, in intellect, he was inferior to no one of his fellows. Although only sixteen on the day he died, and the youngest of his classmates, he had already received a rank at the very first exhibition, and was distinguished in every study. In the classics he was among the first, and his original compositions received the highest marks of the department. No hope seemed too bright for his coming years.

And yet, bitter as his departure was to his friends, which of them could have stood by his early grave, and calmly wished him back again? He died with the dew of youth yet bright upon him; before the breath of the world had sullied his pure heart, or disappointment dimmed his hopes. The freshness of morning was yet upon the world as he closed his eyes upon it, to open them upon a brighter scene. Who would have detained him to labor with them in the hot noon, or watch through the dark night which might have followed?

Many persons might have shrunk from returning to a scene so full of sad associations as Cambridge must have now been to Frank; but he had a manliness of character which never hesitated before his duty. He went back to his now solitary room and resumed his former studies. During the remaining year and a half of his college life, he lived alone. No one, he said, could take the place which Charles had left vacant. Still, he gave himself up to no feelings of despondency. He felt the increased responsibilities which the death of his father and brother had laid upon him, and, burying in his own heart the sorrow of their loss, he was soon as calm and cheerful as ever. To many he might have seemed even cold. But his more intimate friends knew the depth of the feelings which it required so stern an effort to repress. His ambition for college honors, never strong, had now wholly vanished, and he gave himself more than ever to the studies which were best

suit to his peculiar tastes. Of these, metaphysics was, during his last year, most conspicuous. He graduated in the summer of 1845, with a respectable rank, sufficient to give him a place among the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society; but no one felt that the part assigned to him at Commencement, was any adequate measure of his true attainments.

The following extract from a letter written since his death, shows the feelings with which he was regarded by his more intimate college friends.

"It is always pleasant to speak and to hear of what was good and noble in the dead; but very delightful is it, when we can tell all, *all* that we know of the dead, and still speak *only* what was good and noble. So is it now. At college, young men are so closely associated, that they may scan each other's every act, and may discern in each other if not thoughts, at least habits of thought. I look back at my college intimacy with Frank, and recall not one word or deed of his, which I cannot praise and admire. * * * * *

* * * * * When I first went to Cambridge, I had the good fortune to find among my companions some who were not ashamed to resist temptation, to love virtue for virtue's sake, and to do right because it was right. Chief among these was Frank. And, though somewhat younger than myself, he has ever since been to me a moral teacher and a guide. I had many conversations with him on practical religion, and always on such occasions did I leave him with feelings of gratitude for having been made better by his words. And such gratitude thousands would have felt towards him as a public moral teacher, had he been spared to mankind. For his truly Christian manners aided the influence of his truly Christian goodness. None could charge him with illiberality; none could ever suspect him of assuming to be what he was not. And his intellect was such, that he could convince those whom his example did not persuade."

A few months before graduating, his classmates met to choose an Orator and Poet for their parting "Class Day;" and each office was repeatedly offered for his acceptance. They even went so far as to elect him Poet, contrary to his expressed wishes. But he steadily declined all such distinctions. In accordance with his friends' wishes, however, he wrote the following lines, which were sung as a parting song at the private meeting of his classmates in the evening.

AIR.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

FAREWELL!—the time has come, at last,
To say our parting here,
And break the bonds of student life,
That we have held so dear.

Four happy years of life and work
Have to a moment shrunk;
And all the fire that in them burned
Has in its ashes sunk.

We are the same who came at eve,
When childhood's sports were done,
To muse away a pleasant night,
And wait the rising sun.
But the night has deepened soberly,
And the mighty stars have shone,
And graves have opened at our feet,
And we have hurried on.

We've hardly felt that we must part
So surely and so soon;
And we've lingered on, as if we'd ask
Of time a farther boon.
But the dew is fading from the flowers,
And bright is morning's gate;
We know this is the parting hour,
And we sadly feel its weight.

Join hands! it is a holy time,
And asks a holy thought;
And may there be one look, one grasp,
One friendly blessing sought.
For though right onward is our course,
And moving is our line,
We'll take one right guid willie-waught
For Auld Lang Syne.

For several years before leaving college, he had looked forward to the Christian ministry as the chosen field of his future labors. The example of his father, his own high character, and the strong interest which he took in studies peculiar to the profession, all seemed to mark this as his proper course. Still he felt the deep responsibilities which rested on such a choice, and as he was yet very young, he determined to take a year in which to review his thoughts, and decide calmly upon the great question of his life. He passed a pleasant and useful year in Boston and its neighborhood, dividing his time between study and instruction. He reviewed many of his youthful studies, and perfected himself in some branches, especially the early mathematics, to which his taste had not before inclined him. He found also much time for

his favorite pursuit of music. His taste and proficiency in this were very remarkable. Few persons of his age had more thoroughly studied the science of music, and none could enjoy more deeply its effects. A symphony of Beethoven or an air of Mozart seemed to open to him a new world of thought and feeling. This taste prevented a moment from ever hanging heavily upon his hands. As long as he had a piano or organ near him, he needed no other companion, and would sit for hours, listening to his old favorites, or finding an answer to his own feelings in the impromptu strains which he called forth.

He was still, as we have said, undecided upon his profession, but the feelings with which he looked forward upon life, may be gathered from the following description. It was written by him a few months after leaving college, and under the circumstances which he himself mentions. A few friends came in upon him as he sat musing before his fire, and asked him to tell them what he was thinking about so solemnly. Half an hour after, he joined them, with the paper from which the following is printed, in his hand.

"I had graduated from college. After many delays and disappointments, I found myself sitting in a pleasant room by a quiet fire, as an afternoon which had been occupied in disposing my things drew to its close. It was late in autumn.

Having completed my elementary education, and thus in a manner set out upon the journey of life, I fell a thinking of the course I was about to pursue, and my cogitations took their tinge from the objects which were around me. I sat before my fire with my feet in a chair, and I pleased myself with thinking that the shadows or illustrations of the future might be found in the little arrangements I had made. To the right of the fireplace was my table, the uncertain light falling upon it from a window still farther to the right. Upon the table stood a small book-case with many of the standard English writers, both in prose and poetry, which together with the air of the table itself, with its portfolio and inkstand, seemed to denote that my life was to be a literary, or at least a professional one. That I did not mean to be a mere butterfly in the fields of learning, was shown by the Latin and Greek books, which, with a mixture of dictionaries and grammars, and a history or two, stood on the shelves or were strewn about the table. Among them lay a hammer that I had been using, and meant to my fancy that entire ease was not to be attained or sought, but that a work was to be done, which required a strong hand and a patient heart. And the position of the whole near the window signified that the student was not to rust over his books, but must look out and up.

Over the book-case, I had hung a small sketch in oil by Morland. It was very simple — just two little knolls with straggling bushes, and a road between. A rude covered cart with a horse tied behind, was just getting out of sight behind the rising ground. A few clouds that looked old, they were so grey and lazy, hung idly in the sky. It was one of those bits that we see at every few steps on a country road, which have no value but to the poet, and no meaning except in the hands of the true artist.

Rather lower than this, between the book-case and the window, was another picture, of a very different character. Like the first it was simple and rough, but of a bolder touch. A great white cliff, jutting out against a sky which seemed from its thick blackness, to cover close over the scene, and the dim waves thundering below, filled up nearly all of the picture which was not occupied by the principal figure in the foreground. Seated on a rock, he gazed down among the boiling waters, apparently unconscious of the mighty conflict around him. His dress was rude, but picturesque, and his attitude full of careless and powerful grace. His long and coarse hair streamed wildly behind him. From his bronzed features and fiery eye breathed a determination which a cast of ferocity rendered more terrible. A wrecker's hook rested against his shoulder and told his vocation; and the masts of a stranded vessel, hardly visible through the gloom, seemed to call for its use. I never knew the artist's name. He appeared to be one whose power of conception exceeded his knowledge of detail, or had in the present instance outstripped it. So that when the eye wandered from the canvass, and the imagination grew hot with the dark splendor of the painter's idea, it returned dissatisfied, as if the sketch were unable to feed that excitement which itself had awakened. Still there was much merit, even to the mere connoisseur, in the fire and force with which the man was drawn. As the first picture was Nature in all its simplicity and repose, so this was man with his passions and energies, wasted and buffeted by the elements, but conquering in return.

There was one thing more, still different. Against the window was a transparency in porcelain. Upon a cross, fixed on a barren rock, hung the Saviour of the world. There was no other figure. Far away behind stretched savage mountains. The clouds gloomed around like the banners of death, but athwart their rolling masses streamed the light from heaven. Here were no thieves with their human malignity, or soldiers with their unhallowed pageant, to break in upon the awfulness of the scene; even the gentle women who wept below, were away; — you stood at the foot of the cross and looked up, and then away over the desert. The Redeemer seemed to die alone in the great wilderness!

Then thought I, around my table are the three only existences, God, Man, Nature. And thus may every man bring home to his own soul, and ponder over, the great frame of things in all its parts; and thus ought every man who toils or studies for his race, to look not on one side of the eternal structure, but to open all his ears to the trio which sounds through the universe.

But, thought I, how shall I account for the position of the pictures? Why is that of nature higher than that of man, who is nobler? Because nature, though revered, loved, is at a distance, cannot be handled. Man is the appointed work for man. He is to be brought near, grasped, moulded, ruled, inspired.

The room grew darker as I mused, and the moon rose before my window. The table, the pictures, faded — only the outlines of the Christ gleamed faintly in the twilight. Thus, thought I, may my life be."

No one who reads the last sentences, can doubt what was their writer's choice in life. In September, 1846, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, and began the studies of his profession. He brought to them an undivided mind and a firm resolve to consecrate himself to the highest usefulness. His lighter studies were for the time thrown aside, and he even denied himself the luxury of a musical instrument in his room, lest it might take his time from more important pursuits. He still, however, made music his favorite recreation, and was in the habit of meeting every week a few friends whom he had collected, for the purpose of singing the masses and other music of the ancient Catholic Church. Like his father, although his intellect was fully satisfied with the simple truths of Unitarian Christianity, his religious sentiment craved more than can usually be found in the plain forms of Congregational worship; and these old chants, sacred with the associations of centuries and the dim traditions of the early Church, were far more to him than mere strains of solemn music, or the sources of innocent gratification for the passing hour.

His time was divided among the regular studies of the term; — the Hebrew language and Poetry; the principles of Biblical Interpretation; the Evidences of Natural Religion, and the Criticism of the New Testament. He also read several volumes in general literature, and devoted an especial attention to the modern English writers upon Logic, whose treatises, particularly that of Mill, he read with great care.

During the autumn months, he was in the habit of taking long walks, either alone, or with a single friend, in the woods about Mt. Auburn, both for the necessary exercise and the pleasure which he always took

in natural objects. He had a true love of nature. His mind was indeed often too full of his former studies to pay much heed to the scene about him, and in the perplexed questions of Metaphysics, or the nice distinctions of Logic, he forgot to admire its external beauties; but when he once gave himself up to them, nothing of beauty — from the graceful curve of the branch above his head, to the glories of the autumn sunset — ever escaped his eye. Almost his first wish during his illness, was for flowers, and when some were brought, he begged that the curtain of the window opposite his bed might be rolled up, and the flowers placed there between him and the blue sky beyond. He must have a bit of Nature, he said, to cheer him as he lay there.

During one of the solitary walks of which I have spoken, he composed the following lines. Like most of his productions, they were written for himself alone, and were found as he probably first wrote them, with a pencil, in the twilight. He thought far too lightly of his own poetical powers, and could seldom be prevailed on to write for any eyes but his own. One can hardly read such lines as these without feeling that he lacked only the ambition, to make him a true poet.

The light is dead along the glimmering west,
 His evening pomp the sun has left behind,
 And all the attending clouds that ushered him to rest,
 Not in their robed and cushioned gold,
 As when they wrapped his sinking head,
 But in garments dull and old,
 As if they mourned their king as dead,
 Creep slowly homeward on the moving wind.

All on the earth is still,
 Watching the journey of the rolling clouds.
 The elms that lift their feathery arms upon the hill,
 Are watching — so are the humbler trees
 That brood together in the dell.

The breeze
 That sits within its leafy cell,
 The spectre shadows dim
 That haunt the river's brim,
 The bats that sound not as they pass,
 The cattle that lie all night on the dewy grass —
 All have their silent vigilance; and keep
 Watch while tired mortals sleep.

The following fragment was written on the same sheet.

Soul! ope thy casement to the gentle air
 That flits without
 As half in doubt
 If it will enter there.
 Let in the music breeze that flies
 From many voiced flowers,
 And weaves a tender tale of sighs
 To make more sweet these twilight hours;
 While every lingering note that dies
 Scatters a stillness through thy dreamy bowers.

* * * * *

Alas! we walk this earth too stern and cold,
 Forgetting we are brothers to its mould.

Although apparently very happy in his life at Cambridge, he never wholly recovered from the influence which his early losses had had upon his mind. The remembrance of his father and brother had ceased to give him pain, but it was apparently seldom absent. He seldom gave himself wholly to the feelings of the passing moment, but, in his gayest hours, had a reserve of manner, which showed the presence of other thoughts than those which were upon his lips. The great thoughts of eternity and of the future life had been interwoven in his every day meditations. He was fond, too, of musing upon the occurrences of his past years. His union of the pleasant memories of childhood with stern resolves for his future life, is finely shown in the following fragments.

"How stream on the days of youth and childhood like a silver brook! What a beautiful dream to look back upon! How strange that all should have passed in me who am sitting here—that I am the sole possessor of all this loveliness. How much of it is still hidden in my soul, to be called out by some trifle hereafter. How has all had its influence, its soothing or its excitement. Far away in the mist lies the land of my childhood. Wondering, half unconscious, stood I amid its dimness, until my youth stepped bravely forth upon the hills. Yet among these shadows was I formed. Much of strange beauty have I lost, much of bold strength have I gained, or developed rather; for may not all have been in me at first? When I was a child with

waving hair, was I not a man in all but power and practice? How fortunate for me that I may look back! How glorious a gift memory!

O let me not a useless being live,
Nor grovel in the filth of time and words,
When work of faith and strong resolve is near;
But in this dim and flickering light of time,
May some high purpose well accomplished show
That I have passed along the eternal shore."

Dimly and sweetly an old memory
Comes trailing o'er the heart's repose,
Sweeping along the arches of the soul,
And softly sighing as it goes.

Whence do its strange, mysterious moanings rise?
Or is its home some far-off sphere? —
Such shadowy spirits from the voiceful past
Could never have their birth-place here.

For years I've heard the self-same strain,
Perhaps at twilight's solemn hour,
In lonely woods or in the closing year; —
But ever with the self-same power.

Visions of old and gray autumnal trees
Mourning above their leafy dead,
And troops of sunny, smiling children there,
Flitting beneath with happy tread.

* * * * *

'T is now for years that I remember these,
Or rather to remember seem;
I know not if it be a thing of truth,
Or if a shadow and a dream,

'T is vain to ask, 't were vain, perhaps, to know,
'T is one of things without a name,
That glimmer faintly in the silent past,
But give the very soul its frame.

Nothing was more remarkable in Francis Greenwood than his exquisite taste. Many young men who enjoy as high advantages of society and education as he, gain a certain conventional elegance in expression,

and even in thought ; but with him there was far more than this. His mind seemed cast originally in a finer mould, and everything that passed through it, bore its peculiar stamp. This was evident not only in what he wrote, but in all he did and said, in the hanging of a picture, or the arrangements of a bunch of flowers, as well as in the notes of his piano, or the choice of his sentences. Closely allied with this was the love of the beautiful, which in him amounted almost to a passion.

His intellectual powers were various, and admirably adapted to the profession which he had chosen. Of his imagination and talent for description, we have already had glimpses. His logical faculties were good, and bore a larger proportion, perhaps, to the other parts of his mind, than those of his father, whom, in many respects, he so closely resembled. His ambition was to lead a useful, hard-working life, and he had therefore devoted more time to the cultivation of these faculties, than his tastes might otherwise have prompted.

His independence of character was very remarkable. He seemed to care nothing for the opinion of the world, but followed his own convictions of duty, regardless of the remarks of those around him. In forming his opinions, he showed great fearlessness, approaching the difficult points of his professional studies as open questions, and fighting his own way to a satisfactory solution. At the same time, his excellent taste and strong love for existing institutions, prevented him from running into extremes.

One who knew him well, says: "Frank's independence of character was singularly combined with a childlike simplicity of obedience for those who were wiser and older than himself. His gentleness at home made him a blessing in the family circle. His uniform affection and consideration for his mother and the younger children, were very striking. For the aged among his relations, his deference and kindness were remarkable, and his constant attention to those little observances which none but a kind heart ever remembers, but which are so grateful to the old, won for him their fervent affection."

His humility and the want which he felt of the continual presence of a Power mightier than his own, are shown in the following prayer written upon entering the Divinity School. No one who saw him before his death, can doubt but it had been answered.

Am I in truth to be thy servant, Lord,
With this dull heart and all these vain desires,
Standing unmoved before the mighty fires
That flow from out the bosom of thy Word?
Thy Spirit to my sluggish soul afford,
That lacks not will, yet is not all awake
Her watchful count of that great Love to take,

Which thou of old through all thy works hast poured.

Alone, O God, she cannot keep the bright
And steadfast colors of a noble life,

But pales her fading plumes and drooping might
Before the toys of time and passion's strife ;
And needs to be relumed and warmed by thee,
Ere she is winged for immortality.

Sept. 13, 1846.

There was one trait in his character, to which we have before alluded, which often prevented him from being fully known by those around him. He had a natural reserve of manner, increased doubtless by his early trials, which did little justice to the true warmth of his feelings. To many he may have seemed cold and indifferent. Perhaps only one intimate friend knew the deep enthusiasm with which he often regarded subjects in which to the world he seemed little interested.

During his last illness, this reserve passed away. He could speak but few words ; but as the veil which wraps our spirits in this world grew thinner and thinner, the deep affections of his heart shone through with an unwonted brightness. He was never happy but with one of those he loved, sitting by him and holding his hand, and his only care seemed to be lest others should suffer from seeing the pain, which he himself bore without a murmur.

After the winter vacation, passed at home and in a visit to some friends in New York, he had returned to enter upon a new term at Cambridge. But he was suddenly seized with a disorder, which for twelve days baffled all human skill. He died on the 13th of March, four months before he had completed his twenty-first year.

For several days before his death, he was often too much exhausted with the terrible pain which he had suffered, to be conscious of what was around him. But, on that morning, his mind came back to him with all its wonted vigor. He remembered that it was the day on which his brother Charles had died, three years before, and said he should soon go to join him. He wished to bid his younger brother and sisters good-bye. Then he was ready. They gathered round his bed, and to each he spoke a few words of affectionate counsel. They had been five, he said. They were now but three. And they must live to fill in their mother's heart, the places which he and Charles had left vacant.

His last audible words were—"Our Father who art in Heaven"—uttered in a faint voice, and with his hands clasped in prayer. A few moments more passed of pain and forgetfulness, and then a smile

came upon his face, his eyes opened as if looking into some far-off, beautiful country, and his spirit passed without a murmur unto Him who gave it.

God in his infinite mercy be with those whom he has left behind! If his departure has made this life seem to them desolate, may they find consolation in the thought of that happier life, in which he now is, with those whom they loved with him on earth. And may the memory of their virtues animate us in our career of duty here, "that, by the grace of God, we may join them in another world, where friendship will be uninterrupted, and virtue eternal." G. S. E.

THE ARTIST'S LESSON.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

At a short distance from my dwelling winds a mountain stream. Now, it steals demurely from beneath the rustic bridge, and now, peeps out from the hiding-place it has hollowed among the roots of a huge oak. Here it bounds forward, baring its bosom to the sun-light, there it falls in liquid gems from the wheel of the clattering mill, and, still farther on, it loses its identity in the bright waters of the Merrimack. A very Proteus, it changes its aspect at every step, as if seeking in its glad gratitude to multiply its worship. Sometimes it spreads into a mimic lake, and then contracts itself, until it wins the infant foot from the firm log to the stones jutting like piers into its dancing waves. With shout and laugh, musical as that of childhood, it springs over the high rock, and sports and frolics at its foot; then gracefully glides away to rest in the neighboring thicket.

Its sleep is short. Waking, it challenges the birds to a concert. Listen! the little song-sparrow first answers the call, then comes the bluebird with his warble, and the robin pouring his love tale into the ear of his bride. Ah! the cat-bird arrives and makes a discord with his cry; the jingling tones of the king-bird follow, and the prolonged note of the pewee fly-catcher is drowned in the harsh rattle of the king-fisher. Yonder, the meadow-lark rejoices with his whole soul in the merry spring, glancing, meantime, at the oriole in his court-dress of orange and vermillion. But there is a sudden stillness, and then a solo from the thrush, clear, and sweet, and soothing. Let us pass on now, for I would fain keep the echo of that strain perfect in memory.

Upon the banks of this my woodland treasure grows the branching oak with its acorns in sculptured cups. There the pine cherishes its

seedy cones for the spotted crossbill, and the beech lures the squirrel to its boughs, and ever and anon shakes down its fruit to the little wood-mouse beneath. Away, away flies the rabbit, when through the parted foliage of the birch the sunbeams dart into the glen, and the sly fox creeps stealthily out from the shadow of the maple. There the bee hums cheerily, for the arbutus and the blue violet lay up stores of honey for her in their cells, and the butterfly hovers over the polished *monotropa*, or balances a moment on the curved petals of the wake-robin. There, too, are the spicebush, and shadbush with snowy flowers. The purple liverleaf, the cardinal flower robed in scarlet, the glossy wintergreen shading its crimson fruit, the fuchsia, with which children deck their tresses, the wild columbine, and the yellow violet gladdening the eye like a gleam of sunlight.

My heart has grown to that melodious stream, though it is not very long since my foot pressed for the first time its mossy margin. It was summer then, and I longed for the deep dingles and cool glens where I had played in childhood. I reproached myself for not having loved them more, and wondered I could have cared so little for the gnarled oak under which the Indian smoked his pipe, and the tall pine riven and shivered by the lightning. Doubtfully I looked upon the long rows of houses filled with strangers. Should I hear in them kind words, and meet friendly glances? Should I find there those in whom I could trust? I had been deeply chastened, and my wounded spirit shrank from new sympathies, from new associations, from the new altar erected for its worship. I was too selfish, at first, to heed the rivulet, but it sang on, and, at length, from habit rather than design I bent to the crystal water. Why had I not listened before! It was singing a song of welcome, and I could hear in the soft, dreamlike tones of its chorus, "All men are brothers." Like "the shadow of a great rock" to the desert wayfarer was to me that beautiful utterance. I paused to meditate upon the glorious truth, and then turned again to the village. I almost doubted its identity, so true is it that we invest the outward with the hues of the inner world. The garden spots smiling with flowers, the trees with their wooing, whispering foliage, the distant graves, and the church spire eloquent of life and hope, formed a lovely picture. So I gazed until I had enclosed within the grasp of my affections all, all, from the grandfather of three-score winters to the bounding child. Ah! the little brook had linked me to the villagers with a chain lighter than air, yet stronger than adamant; and, as we retain the image of one who procures for us pleasant companionship, so I treasure its every aspect, and dwell upon every grace.

It seems to me a peculiar blessing, that the language of Nature is so unlike that by which we communicate with each other, that it is subtle and delicate, and most eloquent in stillness. There are times when the very sound of the human voice, though its accent be familiar, and as sweet as the echo of our cradle hymn, may wound rather than heal. But we never shrink from that ministry which the spirit can receive, sitting alone and in silence. I was very sorrowful, and, that I might not hear the words which I knew were welling to the lips of loving ones, I went out and sought communion with the mountain stream. It was a bleak day in March. Patches of earth alternated with banks of snow, and, occasionally, the biting blast bore hail and sleet on its pinions. I crossed the bridge and entered the hollow just beyond. There, not wholly shielded from, nor yet bearing the whole weight of the tempest, I found a little flower. It bent and shivered, and a tear lay in its centre, yet it looked upward, sadly, but not altogether without hope. "I will test it still farther," I said, and I pulled a petal, another, and another. Still it claimed no regard from the soil beneath, no shelter from the low shrubs around; steadily it continued gazing on the cold, unsympathizing sky. A whole volume of instruction gathered I from that simple blossom.

Higher up the stream there is a succession of cascades filling the glen with coolness and melody. Clear and cold as that of the Clitumnus when Pliny stood upon its shores, flows the water, rounding and polishing the dark rocks to its own mellow music. Here it falls in a blue mass purer than the crystal of the lapidary, there it runs over a broad stone, and drips down its stained and mossy sides. Now there are two currents, and now, united, they play and eddy in a basin scooped out by their own restless motion. Sitting with the foam circling at your feet, and the spray-drops falling upon you in dewy showers, you may pass the live-long summer day without being once reminded of the busy, working world. Galleries cut in the precipices upon either hand, are covered with mosses, green and brown and gold, and climbing plants, loaded with flowers or fruit, wreath every projecting point, and every sharp angle of the rough crag. From above the pine and the larch, the birch and aspen, the maple and the elm cast their long shadows, and color the soft light to the hue of emeralds.

One glorious May-day I went there with a friend, an artist. He was young and ardent, full of genius and fancy, not wholly without religious sentiment, yet destitute of whole-souled, earnest piety. He carried his sketch-book and pencil, and I, a volume of quaint old poems. Descending the bank, we crept silently along a terrace, occasionally letting ourselves down the steep, by the aid of overhanging bushes. Presently

we heard the solemn, beseeching tones of prayer, and saw, through the green net-work, a young girl kneeling upon a flat rock, which jutted almost across the stream. Around her delicate features fell tresses of rich auburn, and her long lashes lay upon cheeks rendered colorless by sorrow. She was the only child of a desolate, broken-hearted widow, and her lot was dark and cheerless. We were just turning away, when she thus beautifully concluded her orison. "And above all, O! my Father! I thank Thee, that my thought answers unto thine." She rose, and a shower of rays pierced the mist-wreath which floated around her head, crowning her with a halo of brightness.

I looked back to observe the effect of the scene upon my friend. He was leaning forward in an attitude of attention, but he saw neither the golden garland, nor the humble worshipper, nor the sparkling brook. There was a degree of abstraction in his air that told me he was gazing into the distant past, and straining his inner ear to re-gather the echoes which his soul had given to its Creator's touch. By the convulsive movement of his muscles, the wildness of his fixed eye, and his difficult, almost suppressed respiration, I knew that the review was painful. It almost seemed as if the lines upon his brow were traced too deeply for erasure, and that his lips would never regain their easy and graceful curves. Presently he relinquished the bough he had been grasping, and threw himself upon the earth with the despairing exclamation, "O! God! in my whole life, no thought has answered unto thine."

It was fitting that the child should remain alone with his Father, and I stole forward to the now deserted oratory. An hour passed and my friend rejoined me, not with the joyous gaiety of the early morning, but with a tender, regretful sadness. From that time he applied himself to the close study of Divine truth. The Bible became his constant companion, and he frequently perused it, sitting on the spot where he received his first permanent religious impressions.

His easel has been destroyed, and his pallet broken. Far away in a leafy valley stands a small stone parsonage, with a green lawn before it, dotted with elms. An antique church, shrouded by weeping willows, is visible from the study windows. There sits a man still young, impulsive, ardent, but with every power consecrated to God. A gentle girl, fair as a white rose at its first opening, and a meek, loving matron sit near, and, sometimes, they look with happy tears upon an exquisitely finished picture of a white-winged cascade, and a female with a pale, sweet face half veiled in glowing mist, which they term, and rightly term, "The Artist's Lesson."

NATIONAL SINS.

A SERMON,* BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

ISAIAH viii. 12, 13, 14. Say ye not, A Confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A Confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And he shall be for a sanctuary.

THERE is just that degree of obscurity in this passage, which permits us to see plainly its general meaning and yet leaves room for imagination and some freedom of conjecture as to the interpretation of particular parts. What kind of confederacy it was to which the prophet alludes, we may not exactly know. But it was evidently a political and party one. And the object of the prophet was to raise the minds of the people above them all; above the fear of them when they looked threatening to the public welfare; and above any undue confidence in them when they promised the most flattering results by offering to do the Lord's work in the world's way. Those conspiracies should do no harm to the righteous cause that relied upon its righteousness, no harm at all but to their contrivers. And those expedients should do no good, however boastful might be their talk and however strong their combination, that were not founded on some sacred principle. He wished to convince them that their only safety was in faithfulness to their divine law; and that the greatest of their dangers, the only real one, was apostacy from that. The subject that we draw from the text, then, is the duty of maintaining an independent judgment and adhering to principle in troubled and distracted times. Such times were those upon which the prophet had fallen. The tribes of his favored nation had long been divided, ten against two; and only Judah and Benjamin remained loyal to the house of David. The division had led to animosity, and the hands of brother states were lifted against each other in unnatural warfare. They sought alliances among foreigners, and here was an abundant source of intrigues and miseries. The Assyrian power had gained the mastery in that part of the world, and was overrunning the land with its invading troops. These were the circumstances under which the prophet spoke. There was the sound of war

* Preached on Fast Day — April 8.

within his hearing. There were the cabals of scheming politicians. There were convulsions of opinion in the general mind. In the midst of all these disorders he stood up, recalling the thoughts of men to the old rules of their duty. He told them to trust in the truth, however unpopular it might be, and not in any material force or artificial devices. He told them to make the Lord of hosts their dread, and He would make himself their "sanctuary."

Among the variety of topics that it is proper to treat of, as this day's solemnity comes yearly round, none seems to me better suited to the present occasion than the one here named. The condition of public affairs is now connected, in a peculiar manner and to a very high degree, with moral questions. Religion and the fear of God have much to do with the views that it becomes every citizen of this country to take in regard to the measures of its policy and the acts of its leading statesmen; and these highest of all considerations are in extreme danger of being forgotten or thrust aside by the interests, the prejudices, the passions of political strife. We listen from a distance to the confused noise of the battle, though we are not near enough to see the garments that have been rolled in blood. We have seen in our streets the mustering of soldiery for fields of slaughter that lie certainly beyond the limits of our wide republic however pretended to be bounded. We have friends that have gone to the war, and whom our blessing and anxious good wishes accompany as they go. We hear of the valor and military skill of our countrymen, and should feel ashamed if we heard the reverse; for we cannot keep down all such risings of national pride. We cannot but admit that courage in every form has something noble in its quality, and we must feel a sympathy with those who are our own. We hear of their victories; and while we shudder at the fight, and are filled with horror at the carnage, we cannot help preferring those achievements to defeats. And thus the consciences of the most thoughtful persons become painfully perplexed. And there is reason to fear lest they who are less reflecting or less scrupulous should be wholly carried away by the fervors of an excited time; lest in their eyes success should be a sufficient gilding for injustice; lest they should forget the woe and the sin of the invasion in the shout of the conquest.

That war is not only a scourge but a crime, has now come to be generally conceded by the public sentiment of the most enlightened parts of the world. It is a crime in itself, abstractly considered. It is a crime in one at least of the parties engaged in it. No Christian power can now wage it against another without offering an apology for it, as not being the aggressor, before the tribunal of humanity. Even

that in which we are at present engaged did not fail to astonish the cabinets of Europe by the assertion that ours was the injured and assailed side. This war, moreover, beside its own wrong, is connected closely with another but for which it would never have existed. I do not claim to be very conversant with all the discussions connected with the subject to which I now allude. I am sensible that there are those present, who are much more familiar with them than I am. But there are some considerations too obvious to have escaped the notice of any one who feels an interest in the true honor of his birth-place; and of too serious a bearing not only on the national reputation, but what is of far greater importance on the cause of righteousness and mercy, to admit of being passed over in silence. It is conceded, I suppose, by persons of the most opposite political persuasions, that there would have been no war beyond our territories if there had been no slavery within them. Here, then, we have to look upon a dark brotherhood of sins, and we must look at them. There is no need of trying to forget their kindred. There is no use in declining to speak of their guilt. It would not become the spirit of the pulpit to discourse of them ever with violence or bitterness; and it has other and better things to do than to call attention to them often. But the occasion on which we are met seems almost to demand that we should turn our thoughts towards them. The proclamation of our Chief Magistrate, which has summoned us together, mentions them in a pointed manner as two of the most prominent things to be remembered in our devotions. And then Fast day, separated in the manner it is from the rest of our holy seasons, bearing a civil as well as sacred character, and with its look of humiliation upon its face, appears more fitting than any other to make lowly confession of these two mighty wrongs, and to deprecate the mischiefs that they may yet further bring upon our Country. They are peculiarly national sins; to be deplored as such; to be expiated, perhaps, as such — though we cannot penetrate the cloudy future or the heavenly judgments to tell how that shall be; — to be heeded as such, so far as wisdom and benevolence may be able to point out a remedy.

It is of some importance both to the distinctness and justness of our views in this direction, to perceive that there are really such things as national offences; literally and strictly so, and not in the sense of being prevalent among a people; not as an aggregate; not according to the number of those who are answerable for them. They who deny the existence of them because a community is nothing but the individuals of whom it is composed, pronounce superficially, I think. The state is a moral person, and all the acts that it does are to be tried by precisely the same rules of judgment that we apply to single men. If these

actions are bad, their turpitude is not hidden among generalities. It is not lessened, but increased rather, by the multitudes that contributed by their hand, or word, or passiveness, to have them done. "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" said Christ. This land stands reprov'd before the moral sense of mankind, and before the bar of God, for the iniquity of this war, which it has strangely brought upon itself by a concert and yet by a surprise, and which it pursued without so much as the stern decencies of a public resolve; not thinking it worth while to imitate the formalities that even the barbarous Romans did not forget, who never went out against their enemy till they had first declared him such, and had sent an embassy of priests to see if no terms could be made, and then hurled a bloodless spear across his borders before they followed in battle array. And if the war is of such a character—the result of a crooked policy and an unlawful haste, from an ignoble motive and not from hard necessity, for conquest and not for defence, no circumstances of favoring fortune can make anything better of it. No personal bravery can render it otherwise than reproachful. No trophies can give it honor, and no spoils can pay any indemnity for it, and no bloody splendor of triumph can cover over the meanness of its origin or the crimes of its course, the miseries that it produces, and the condemnation that it deserves. At the same time, it would be unjust to involve in this terrible censure those whose situation has compelled them to take an active part in these deplorable hostilities. They are not answerable for them. They did nothing to bring them on. They are but in the discharge of a fearful duty, that it would be dastardly to evade—that they cannot evade. The profession of arms has still to be maintained a while longer among men. The national ship must be strong to protect whatever sails under the common flag. It must carry its thunders under its canvass clouds. Upon the land, too, force must represent sovereignty. And this indispensable military power must move where it is sent, for it is a part of its essence to be subordinate to command. No such thing can be thought of as the freedom to choose; and the qualities of a "good soldier" and a brave man may be displayed on one field as well as another. When we hear of the fall of the high spirited youth or the honored veteran, we lament his loss to his friends and to his country's service. And what person of discernment or sensibility can mingle any blame with that lamentation? The blame attaches elsewhere; and theirs is the mournful praise of having fulfilled the obligation that was laid upon them fatally well. At least this is my way of looking at the subject. And if any, seating themselves upon some lofty ground of abstraction, should object, that it creates a confusion of moral ideas;

that it raises exceptions to the most sacred commandments ; that it allows men to do, and calls upon them to do, as holding certain relations to the republic, what they would be criminal in doing as private men ; and that it permits circumstances to justify as right, what is in its nature essentially wrong ; — I reply that this inconsistency is rather in expression and seeming than in fact. You often imagine it where it does not exist ; and even in cases where it cannot be wholly explained away, it is a part of the heavenly administration over the affairs of the world that so it must be. I do not know that there is any law so absolute over our mixed condition, that it can be looked at simply by itself, and without reference to relations or consequences. Even that which says, "Thou shalt not kill," permits exceptions that amount to a positive duty to break it. Circumstances may alter obligations. This is matter of frequent experience. And we may acknowledge this without shaking in the least the foundations or impairing the sovereign rule of justice. We must look round as well as up. Not like the loose disciples of expediency, who make all precepts convenient, but as God-fearing men, we must be governed by the principles that are of holiest authority, while at the same time we observe with all good conscience the proprieties and claims of the position in which we stand. The Great Father is served best, as I love to think, not with a zeal that wears blinds, and not with the exclusiveness of a single idea ; but with a large survey and a thoughtful discrimination and a regard to what is due to the various necessities of a social state.

The discourse has alluded to another subject as a proper one to be brought to mind on this occasion — the institution of slavery. It is far removed, indeed, from the limits of our own Commonwealth, and as far from the feelings of all its people as it is from its bounds. But it is connected with the name of our Country wherever that name is spoken, and always with reprobation. It may be called, therefore, a national sin, as that phrase has already been defined. It is stigmatized as such by the nations of the earth, and by all the organs of public opinion among ourselves. With no other than humbled, disturbed and foreboding feelings can we make mention of it. It is full of hard political problems, that it is not the preacher's province to deal with. It is full of menace to that brotherly union of these States which is so important to be cherished. May the merciful Providence, who has hitherto always opened a way for us through perplexity and peril, deliver us now ; and avert from us the evils that seem to be approaching, and to thicken more and more.

What has just been said of war has an application to this wrong also. Leaving to statesmen and to the incessant press all its political

bearings, for to these such themes pertain, and considering it only in its Christian point of view, we recognize it as a wrong. It began in unrighteousness. It was carried on, and has been strengthened till now, by the most sordid passions. It has been the occasion of unnumbered and unmeasured crimes. It is in its nature an abuse. It carries upon it the sign as of a curse. But it becomes us to take into our survey not only its abstract character and its wicked history, but the various arrangements and postures of things which so long a course of time has established around it, and the many dependencies connected with it. We shall then hesitate, I think, before we charge any part of its criminality upon high-minded, humane and religious men,—and doubtless there are great numbers of such,—whose lot it is to possess slaves, in those parts of the country where they are held as property. It is not for me, nor I think for any one else, to prescribe to them what they ought to do in that situation, beyond the general duty of caring kindly for those who have thus been thrown under their power. The opprobrious epithets, that it is so common to heap upon them, seem to me as little conformable to the equity of the case as they can be conducive to any valuable result. Let the truth be spoken on this point as on every other, in the proper time and place and way; but let it be the truth only; and spoken simply, dispassionately, and with no other motive or wish or temper than those of doing good.

And now, in taking leave of a subject that has rather been assigned than chosen, let us repeat the text: "Say ye not, A Confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A Confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And he shall be for a sanctuary." Let us trust in God and his truth more than in any plans of men, and trust in nothing that sets itself apart from the purest principles. Let us fear the heavenly decrees, and no human combination that dares to oppose them. Above all the associations that would embody opinion, or create it, or compel it, let us hold only to what our consciences approve. Whatever strifes and divisions may then arise we shall preserve our freedom, and in all the real fast-days and feast-days of life shall find a ground of confidence.

HUMILIATION FOR THE WAR.

BY REV. J. I. T. COOLIDGE.

THERE is reason for humiliation, deep, prostrate humiliation. There is ample reason to clothe ourselves in sackcloth and go about mourning, if we would. There is reason for a National Fast, if ever there was one. There are sins heavy and weighty enough to sink our nation's heart in the depths of woe. What news have lately come to us from the seat of the iniquitous war in which we are now engaged! How full of dreadful import! How melancholy and sad! A victory has been gained, dearly lost and dearly bought! A victory for which we must need mock heaven's ear with rejoicing and innocuous cannon-peals. A victory, over which it is said it were a traitor's part not to rejoice! And we will rejoice that our army was not there utterly destroyed; that they have another opportunity to return to their own country, and stand where they ought to stand, and where alone they have a right to stand, within its acknowledged boundaries. But we cannot rejoice over that bloody battle. Tears are the natural tribute to that scene of carnage and murder; yes, and bitter, burning tears for our Country's shame, that such a scene should ever have been enacted beneath God's eye. Rejoicing for a victory! What is a victory? What is this particular victory? An army has invaded another's country, taken possession of towns and fields and treasures not their own, carried anxiety and misery into homes, and violated those sanctuaries to which alone the rights of hospitality could have given them the claim of admittance. And this army has driven back and slaughtered by thousands those who stood where God had given them birth, and in defence of their own Father-land. The cause of exultation, if there is any, in a victory like this, can be found only in *counting the dead*.

But is the reason for rejoicing, that our little army, left alone to struggle there as it best might, and for whom we had the most fearful apprehensions, was rescued? Is the rejoicing simply that — simply a revulsion of feeling? Pray God, it may be, and that our first demand be, that it come back to a position where it shall no longer be the cause of terrible anxiety to us, and to those whose dearest are among them.

But again this victory, have we calmly considered what it is? Have we called to our imagination that terrible scene when the smoke and dust rolled off it, and it lay beneath the calm stars or the broad garish eye of day? Have we seen the heaps of mangled bodies — on every

face the distortion of rage, in every hand a deadly weapon, every breast rent open with gashes? Have we seen the flash of the artillery mowing down whole battalions and strewing the ground with the dead and the wounded? Oh, death were then the happiest fate, for the wounded fall to expose themselves to a fate still more terrible. The cavalry crossing the field in every direction, trample them under foot, and dye their horses' hoofs with their blood; the artillery, in advance or retreat, mangle them with its wheels. Have we thought of the burning, agonizing thirst of those whose gaping wounds were chilled by the evening air, and heard the innumerable groans go up from that field of death and the passions of hell? Who can conceive the actual miseries of that battle! Ah, that flight of vultures was not without its significance. Who can bear, even in thought, to look into the crowded hospitals of the wounded and see their fearful gashes, and hear their horrible moans! What bitter memories rush upon their minds, of mother or wife and little children, whom they have left! Who shall give the guage and dimensions of the sorrow which has penetrated innumerable homes in both these republics? Oh, that such things should be on this earth of God, on this footstool of the All Pure, All Merciful, All Loving! And for what, what wise end, what worthy purpose, for what, was this scene enacted? Was it to repel invasion? Was it for the cause of freedom, to defend our homes and laws, that this saddest duty, if it ever be a duty, that this saddest duty of man was done? No, a baser motive never prompted war, than the wicked and shameful objects that are there battled for. And we are asked to rejoice in this victory! No, in mourning that such things are, in sackcloth and ashes, in deepest humiliation, will we pray God to forgive us and let not his righteous retribution fall upon us, deep and fearful as is our sin.

This war, I fear, will yet be fruitful of sorrow and misery to us all. There will come many from the baneful influence of that climate with broken constitutions, health undermined and bodies shattered not only by the enginery of murder, but by the dread hand of malignant fever. They may come back to impart and scatter the seeds of fatal disease far and wide. It would be no strange and unprecedented event, if the pestilence, springing from the army, from the crowded, deadly hospitals there, should march with terrific tread over the whole land; the pestilence, generated by the malaria there, should be borne on an evil wind through the whole nation and slay its thousands and tens of thousands; a pestilence to walk our streets at noonday, spreading silence and desolation in its course. It is a dreadful anticipation and we would not dwell upon it. But surely the prayer should ascend with deepest

fervency that God may spare us such a visitation of his just displeasure.

But again, what is to become of that army when at last the decree shall go forth that the sword devour no more? What shall come of the disbanded soldiery? They are not a safe element in a republic. Trained as they have been in the school of war to ferocity, to plunder and prodigality, restrained only by the iron discipline of the camp, they will become unfitted for the calm and peaceful pursuits of ordinary life. And from such men, what ought to be expected but contempt of human rights and of the laws of God and man? Is an element like this safe in such a republic as ours? Can we look without apprehension upon the dispersion of men like these through our community? We have nothing, almost absolutely nothing but the majesty of law to protect us. If that is lost, what remains for our safeguard? We have scarcely no power behind the simple dignity of law-established order. And it has hitherto been enough and our pride and boast that it was enough. But if it is destroyed or greatly weakened; if the letting loose in any community of our land a band who have learned to despise it or to feel not its pressure, by reason of the heavier yoke of the camp-discipline, shall break this allegiance of our citizens, who may not see the disaster that shall fall, the mad, riotous, rebellious spirit that shall be kindled? Already, they who went out from among us to this school of lawlessness gave no slight hint of this peril to which we are exposed. A peaceful meeting of our citizens was disturbed and broken up by their mad and unrestrained spirit. And it would seem from scenes which have lately desecrated that ancient Hall of Liberty, dear to all our hearts, the most sacred spot, save our homes and our altars, to our associations, it would seem from scenes recently enacted there, that we are not too slow to learn of their evil example. Nothing spreads so rapidly as the spirit of lawlessness, of the rule of the mob; and most deeply shall we have it to deplore if it gains any fresh impulse from the unquiet, restless, ferocious disposition of disbanded soldiery. God save us from rebellion and the fevered passions of a licentious populace.

It is sometimes urged in extenuation of this shameful war, that it will advantage in many ways the people with whom it is waged. Miserable and impudent apology! Without doubt, God will overrule this terrible evil to good; but ours will forever be the shame and the sin, His, the glory and the honor. This war *will* do great good. It will do much to hasten the time when nations shall learn this art invented of hell, no more. Already the omens are auspicious. It has not and cannot with all its brilliant achievements awaken the sympathies of the

people, at least of the people of these Eastern States — these vigorous plants of the Puritans' sowing. Their noble and elevated principles have not wholly gone from our hearts. They still keep our eye somewhat single, single enough at all events to make this war an abomination to us in heart and feeling and principle. The real character, also, of war is being exposed as never before. Once the trade of nations, prowess in which was the true grandeur of nations, how are its flimsy trappings, its gilded gewgaws torn away, and it shown to be the monster which it is! How are its laurels fading, and men who have stood on the very pinnacle of fame because they have mangled, tortured and slain multitudes of their fellow-men and sent "far and wide the sad inheritance of the broken heart," are coming down from that elevation which has been found to be due only to the benefactors of their race, who bring comfort where before there was wretchedness, who pour oil on the wounds of the unfortunate, who enrich humanity by their virtuous genius in art, in science and literature, who are ready to suffer and die for the sake of human welfare. War is not the glorious game it once was. It may take yet a long time before men shall see this matter altogether as it is, see it as murder, murder on a large scale indeed, but murder still; and that God will require each drop of blood at the slayer's hand; that the word of Christ still stands, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies." It may be, it will take yet a long time before this shall be well understood. But who sees not that public sentiment is flowing evermore into the right direction, mightily aided by this war which is now going on? Who has not felt, for instance, that that Mexican woman at Monterey, who went forth in the battle there to give water to the wounded of both armies, and some word of holy cheer it may be to the dying, and was there shot down, was an object of far greater interest in the sight of God, yes of men too, than all those whose names have been proclaimed far and wide through the land, as having covered themselves with glory there? That noble act shall be told as a memorial of her, when they shall have gone into silence and oblivion.

Or, to come nearer home — a ship of war carrying food to a famishing nation! It is the first time in the annals of the world that such a vessel has borne such a freight. Her mission has hitherto been to carry the messengers of death, not the means of life. She has spread her sails as a bird of prey. She goes now on humanity's errand. She will speed on her course with a blessing from those ready to perish. How many eyes will strain out into the far, dim horizon to catch the first rising of her mast on the heaving waste! What crowds will gather and lift the grateful thanksgiving as she enters the harbor! What

multitudes of hands will be stretched forth to be filled, and the fainting be made strong, and the dying return to life! Ah! how different her coming on this errand of Christian charity than on her usual mission! Now if the cannon find a voice, it will be of welcome, not defiance. If fires light the hilltops, it will be the signal of gladness, not of dismay; and the gathering shall be for joy and the grasp of friendly hands, and not for the stern array and embattled armies. There shall be union of families, not severance. The father shall be restored in the strength of his manhood to wife and children, not torn from them and sent back maimed and disabled forever. The pestilence shall be stayed, not awakened, and famine's haggard countenance be changed to fulness and health, not caused and triumphed in. One cannot contemplate this event without emotion and the happiest auguries for the future; the impression it makes shall not be forgotten. Who shall number the prayers that ascend to heaven for her safe guidance across the bosom of the wide Atlantic? God's blessing be upon her, His hand hold her, the breath of His wind bear her quickly on her course! Not long since there were other ships sent on their way from our harbor, with what a different freight, for what a different purpose! Silently and sadly they left us; there were prayers for them too, but with how changed a note! the note of weeping from the broken-hearted mother and the deserted wife. They have gone to their work of blood — God spare them from the accomplishment of their unhallowed design! Not soon can those two departures be forgotten, the one to fulfil the law of God, "Thou shalt deal thy bread to the hungry," the other to break his command, "Thou shalt not kill." Shall not these things make for peace? Shall they not hasten the time when nations shall learn war no more, but strive to excel one another in deeds of charity and Christian love? Shall they not bring on the long prophesied time, when there shall be none to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of God? May that day come and come quickly! We will not despair, but hope and trust. One of the beautiful pictures, it is said, adorning the dome of a church in Rome by that master of art, the divine Raffaele, represents Mars in the attitude of war, with a drawn sword uplifted and ready to strike, while an unarmed angel from behind with gentle but irresistible force arrests and holds the descending arm. Beautiful emblem of the power of the peaceful spirit of Christ. It shall one day hold back the fierce passion of the demon-god of war. We will not, we need not despair. All things are preparing the time when

"The warrior's name shall be a name abhorred;
And every nation that shall lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Will wear forevermore the curse of Cain."

HOW TO SPOIL A GOOD CITIZEN.

[Continued.]

"Hi! Ned," said a reedy, parrot-like voice, as Edward Harland entered a hardware store, and stood gazing about for the shopman.

Edward turned his glassy and bloodshot eyes to the corner whence the voice seemed to come. He saw only piles of pots, kettles, cooking stoves, furnaces, pans, &c., arranged in an orderly confusion, the *picturesque* of an ironmonger's fancy.

"Hi, Ned!" Uprose a little figure wearing a dish-cover for a cap, and a necklace of muffin-rings and skewers about its neck. In one hand it brandished a spit, and in the other held up a shining pot-lid, and it danced, and leaped, and threw itself into all the droll attitudes which the limits of a brass kettle would allow, in the vain endeavor to bring a smile upon the gloomy countenance of the spectator.

"Get down, boy, and call your father."

"Can't get down. And if I call ever so loud, father won't come. That I can tell you, Ned Harland."

Edward took the boy by the collar, and made him execute a flying leap to the floor, screaming distractedly all the way, like a hen flying out at a barn-chamber window.

"Now run for your father. I want to speak to him."

"I won't. You hurt me, you did."

"Go, I say. I am in haste. Run."

"Rather think I could not catch up with the steamboat. Maybe I can, though," said the child, jumping into a bathing-tub, and beginning to row with all gravity.

"Then he's gone up to Boston? Hey?"

"Yes, to buy me a brass cannon, maybe."

"Gone! Confound him. That's my luck!" said Harland, frowning and stamping.

Terrified at his wild looks, the child threw down his clanging ornaments, and ran, screaming at the top of his lungs, "Uncle John—Uncle Jo—o—o—hn! Come! Co—o—o—me!"

A woman with a handkerchief tied over her hair, and a broom in her hand, peeped in at a side door; a man with a smutched face, and bare, brawny arms, looked down from a trap-door above; a boy emerged from the cellar, with an oil-pot in one hand, and a brush in the other; and at the same moment "Uncle John," a young man of

Harland's age, and formerly one of his associates, came running to the rescue of his doughty nephew, leaving a great blot upon a column of figures in the day-book, which, pen in hand, he had been engaged in adding up.

Having ascertained that his pet had neither bruises nor broken limbs, he advanced towards Harland, and shook hands with him, with a hearty "How are you?"

Edward was surprised, and even confused by a greeting so unexpectedly cordial, and a momentary flush passed over his sallow cheek. John talked of the weather, in a cheerful, brisk tone, his face beaming with a genuine kindly feeling towards his old companion, who felt it, but not being at his ease, looked sullen and haughty.

"I came in on a little business with your brother, but if he is not at home ——."

"Perhaps, as you have rather lost sight of your old friends lately, you do not know that he has taken me into partnership. Cannot I be of service? I act for my brother in his absence, and know all about his affairs."

"Well, then — I — My father — a — your brother owes him somewhere about fifty dollars — yes, just fifty; he borrowed it to pay for your substitute, just before I went to Madawaska, I remember."

"It would have been better, for the old man, if he had spent it in hiring a substitute for *you*, Edward," said John, shaking his head, sadly.

"Perhaps so, but you need not be too sure that I may not get above *your* head yet, John, for all your partnership, and your new patent inventions."

"You rejoice me," said John, with unfeigned sincerity; "if you have taken a turn for the better, I do not know a man more able to rise. I would gladly lend a hand to help you; yes, to get above my head, if you choose. You can, no doubt, if you will. You were always higher than I, you know; I could not hold a candle to you, at school."

Edward smiled, but his smile was bitter and derisive. "You are a good-natured fellow, John, a very good sort of chap — but you were born to be a plodder. As for me, I trust my brains will help me to a shorter cut to fortune than drudgery in a workshop or behind a counter. Come — where is that money? I must be off. I have an engagement at the Indian Pipe."

"What money?" said John, his countenance overcast with sudden suspicion and anxiety.

Harland took a note from his pocket-book, and laid it on the counter.

"Did you say your father desired you to collect this?" said John, looking earnestly at Edward.

"He — he has a payment to make, and must have it," said Harland, avoiding his eye, "and if you could spare him a small sum in addition —."

John showed him in silence a receipt in full of all demands signed by his father the day before. The debt had been paid by degrees, in articles from the store, and the note, now not worth a farthing, would have been destroyed, only that Mr. Harland could not find it, his son having already stolen it, with what view the reader knows.

Edward was confounded, and speechless. But, of the two young men, John was the most agitated, the most completely overwhelmed. He felt more shame for Edward than he was now capable of feeling for himself. His lips trembled, his face was crimson, and he looked down, as if he were the guilty one. "I did not think you *could* sink so low as this, Edward," he said, in a low voice, and without raising his eyes to his face.

"Poverty will drive a man to anything," murmured Edward, playing with the note, to hide his confusion.

"Poverty! why need you be poor? Say *idleness*, Edward! But for idleness, you would not be in bad company, who have led you into vice, such vice as led to this. I have been hoping, all along, that you would be disgusted, and abandon them and their vile practices. I supposed you had become infatuated, and had some way of excusing, or palliating your conduct, to your own conscience. But you must be totally changed, to descend to lying and stealing; such meanness as this shows that you have given yourself up, without reserve, and I know not what can be left in you as a foundation for hope. Yet I cannot give you up. O Edward! who would have dreamed this of Edward Harland, one year ago? Who would have believed his own eyes, had you been seen then arm in arm with such fellows as —."

"I certainly do not intend to be in such a set always," said Harland, "I despise them as heartily as you do. But —."

"Why do you not shake yourself free of them at once then? You see what disgrace and dishonor they have already brought you to."

Edward shrugged his shoulders, but looked sullen and dogged.

"Your character has suffered enough already. As for this transaction it shall remain a secret between us, I give you my word."

"Well, thank you, that *is* friendly."

"Come — won't you take a stand at once? Give me your hand upon it. You will return to *us*? Join our Young Men's Temperance Society. That one measure will announce and fix your intentions.

Dear Edward, do this, and we will all meet you warmly. You shall not be reproached, you shall no longer be an outcast. You can recover your standing, if you will but sincerely attempt it. You need not think, either, that we shall be suspicious, all looking askance at you, and thinking of the past. Come frankly, and be frankly welcomed. Return while you are yet able, before you have been drawn into some crime which can never be effaced from your name; stop, I beseech you, before you lose all claim to honor, all remains of self-respect. Have pity on yourself—and have you no feeling for your poor mother, who will die of a broken heart? Think of Mary Lee, too.”

Tears flowed plentifully down Edward's cheeks, and John's heart swelled with the delightful hope he had saved him. He held out his hand, and it was warmly grasped. “John, I thank you. I know you are right. I am more wretched at times than you can conceive of, and the last year seems like a horrible dream. I wish I could wake up, light-hearted and healthy as you are, and as I once was. But still, I cannot—I cannot do as you would have me. I have not nerve enough left. I have not the courage to take my stand before the eyes of good and bad, and confess myself a reprobate by my open reform.”

“But are there no eyes upon you *now*? no pointing fingers when ——”

“Enough—I will reform some time, but I can do it in my own way better. First, I must make my fortune—and then the good opinion of the world will come fast enough. My change of life will have a better grace, when I am to get nothing by it. To get rich, I must pursue my own path, John.”

“You have made it manifest to me that it is a dishonorable one,” said John. “I know of no other road to fortune for an idle and dissolute man. You are only going to sink yourself deeper. Think, before you move one step.”

“I have made up my mind. If I do think, I may go mad, but I shall not change.”

“Well, I see you are not a cool judge in your own case. Look at mine. Would you advise me to turn my new workshop into a counterfeiter's den, to arrive at sudden riches? Would you think me a gainer by the loss of my peace of mind, my safety, my reputation—to be secure of nothing, after all, but a lodging for life in the State's prison? You see and feel that the straight and open road is the only one for me, and it is the only safe one for you, for everybody.”

“Once get out of it, though, and it is not so easy to get back again. I am desperate—I shall go ahead—you'll see where I come out.”

"Not easy getting back? Nothing easier. If you dislike your father's business, come here to us. I will give you something to do at once, and, in time, your talents will ——."

"Had I seen you before Mary cast me off, I might possibly have taken up with your offer. As it is, I have no hope left strong enough to overcome my repugnance to any kind of regular business. I have hopes, however, of another kind; I may roll in my carriage before your eyes, yet — and I wish I might ride over the necks of the tale-bearers and spies who have deprived me of Mary's affection. May I ——"

"I am sorry for you, but I think you have only yourself to blame."

"I care not what becomes of me. What matters it?"

"If you have lost Mary, you have still parents, who doat on their only son, and whose love can never change."

"My mother — Ah, poor mother! I hope to rise yet, for her sake. As for father, he has grown as severe — as stern — close — as ——"

"But he would not be so, if you would be yourself again ——"

"Can you lend me a trifle — fifty dollars say? I ask it for old acquaintance' sake."

"Believe me, Edward ——"

"Ah, I knew beforehand you would refuse. I do not wonder you have no confidence in me. I don't deserve any. Frankly, if you let me have it, I may not be able to pay you immediately, though it is equally possible you may have it back tomorrow morning. I shall risk it, every cent, at the gaming table. This is my last stake. If I should lose it, I should then be content to settle down again to daily drudgery. Help me to try this once, and only once. I *know* — I feel *certain* — *sure* — I shall have a run of luck."

"You may suppose, as we are starting a manufacturing branch to our business, and have many hands to pay, we have occasion for every dollar we can muster. We have even been obliged to hire money, the apparatus required to put my brother's invention into practice is so expensive. Our returns more than equal our calculations, but I think we have little right to lend or give, while we are in debt. Ah, Edward! why will you persist in this visionary, if not criminal scheme?"

"Very well, John, a simple *no* would have done just as well, as all this talk. One excuse is as good as another; I *knew* you would not do it, even to keep me from resorting to *different* means."

"If I had fifty dollars of my own, I would give it freely this instant, to be sure you would lose it, and be induced to give up your dissipated way of life. I am not sure I should be right in giving it, on any other condition."

Little Johnny broke off the conversation at this point, by a furious rub-a-dub upon a tin-pail. While his good natured uncle was proposing some less noisy diversion, and persuading the little rogue to be quiet, Harland departed.

[To be continued.]

SPRING REMOTE FROM HOME.*

BY REV. JAMES FLINT, D. D.

— " vernal joy,
" Able to drive all sadness but despair."—*Milton*.

SWEET vernal airs, and thou, heart-cheering May,
Why do I find me here so sad,
While in her flowery mantle clad,
Blithe nature bids all hearts be glad,
And hail with joy her annual holiday?

Airs of the South, fair month of song and flowers,
I've come a long and weary way
To meet you, where your earlier sway
Beneath the sun's more genial ray,
Might lap my soul in bliss amid your bowers.

Yes, gentle airs, and smiling May, we've met;
I've left pale winter's lingering train
Far north upon my native plain,
Where Eurus, shivering from the main,
Waves his dark wings with chilling moisture wet.

Sweet vernal airs, and joy-inspiring May,
I breathe your odors, pluck your flowers,
List to your songs in groves and bowers,
And greet at morn the rosy hours,
Yet I am sad, while all things else are gay.

'T is not sweet vernal airs, nor songs of May,
Nor the young verdure's gladdening smile,
Nor blooming bowers, vocal the while
With melody, that can beguile
The stranger's gloom, whose home is far away.

Though vernal airs, with every charm of Spring
And kindest welcome meet me here,
I miss the smiles that always cheer,
The voice of love, the joys so dear,
That keep at home, nor roam with vagrant wing.

Domestic bliss through all the circling year
Breathes sweets surpassing vernal airs, —
An amaranthine wreath she wears, —
Her bowers the blast of winter spares,
And where she dwells perpetual Spring is near.

* The following lines were written during a visit of the author to the South for his health.

BROTHERHOOD IN THE SANCTUARY.*

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY.

At the time when this language was uttered, no form of religion was so liberal in its provisions for worshippers as Judaism. It was far in advance, in this respect, of every system in the Gentile world. The temple at Jerusalem did not, it is true, admit all nations to bring their offerings to the same altar with the Israelites. But it did much in providing an outer court for the Gentiles; and while it did this, its prophets uttered the glorious prediction that in coming and brighter ages the middle wall of partition should be broken down, and all nations and all individuals, irrespective of rank, caste, or condition, should be admitted to the inner court, and with one heart and one voice bow down and worship together before their common God and Father.

To accomplish this high object was the mission of Jesus Christ. He was sent to abolish those false distinctions that had separated man from his brother man, and bring the whole race to unite as equals, as in other relations, so in their acts of social and public devotion. We have erected this house in the hope of doing something to illustrate this great truth; and I propose now to speak of those characteristics of Christianity which tend to unite its disciples of all classes in worshipping at the same altar. I shall ask you, in conclusion, to look at some of the features of our own age which indicate an approach to this result.

The language of Jesus to his disciples was uniformly this: "All ye are brethren;" "One is your Father." The tone of Christianity is always liberal, its spirit is enlarged and generous, its charity comprehends the wide world. Our religion becomes a bond of universal sympathy and fellowship by its great doctrine of Human Brotherhood. It teaches the essential equality of all mankind, and represents no distinctions as important, except those based upon character. It thus awakens an interest in every human being; the simple circumstance that one is a spiritual, immortal creature, fashioned in the image of God, and capable of everlasting progress in virtue, purity and piety, draws

* Preached at the Dedication of the Lee Street Church, Cambridge, March 25, 1847, — from Isaiah lvi. 7: "Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people."

our hearts, when we see and feel its truth, irresistibly toward him. Who can but see that a prominent purpose of our faith is to elevate the poor, to shield the unfortunate, and to protect the weak? Who can lose sight of its fearful admonitions to the prospered, its withering rebukes to those who devote their gains to self-indulgence alone? How terrific is its language to those who take the uppermost seats in life, and stop their ears against the cries of the obscure and the needy? With what a serene countenance, and in how divine a temper did its Founder espouse the interests of those whom the world had scorned or neglected. Sweet was that voice to the despised sinner; light, and healing and life went out from that gentle hand as it lifted up the fallen outcast.

To be true then to the Gospel, every house of worship, dedicated to God and his Son Jesus Christ, should be, as far as practicable, open to all people. The rich and poor should there meet together. Whatever has separated them in the world, nothing should part them at the altar. Together, as heirs of a common nature, as subject to the same discipline in life, as partakers alike of the ordinary bounties of Providence, exposed all to cares, trials, disappointments and sorrows, dependent mutually on each other, dependent in common upon God, fellow-sinners, fellow-suppliants, their bodies doomed to mingle in the same dust, and their spirits to stand side by side before the same final Judge, — together certainly ought they to blend their prayers, confess their sins, and seek the way of truth and life within consecrated walls.

I have sometimes feared — let me say it frankly, I trust it is in no unworthy spirit — I have feared that we were deviating in some of our present tastes and arrangements for the public worship of God, from the course prescribed by the genius of Christianity. Some, in these days, seem disposed, instead of uniting at this point more closely the opposite classes of society, to separate them more and more widely. On the one extreme we are building magnificent churches, which almost unavoidably exclude those of humble fortunes, and on the other extreme we are establishing and sustaining exclusive “ministries to the poor.” Now, both these tendencies are unfriendly to the widest and purest influences of Christianity. I believe many who engage in the erection of our costliest churches regret their effect in debarring the destitute from their walls; and I am sure that no one possessed of the spirit of him who came to preach the Gospel both to the rich and the poor, can fail to see and lament the evil, amid much that is good, which often follows from gathering the poor by themselves, in churches built and supported by the more favored classes.

They tend to destroy a due self-respect among the needy. The "ragged schools" of London have done much, it is said, by their unpopular name, and by making the beggar a conspicuous object, to create in this class a sense of degradation, and hence do them moral harm. Give the poor man an opportunity, I would say, to contribute something, if it be the smallest sum, toward the pecuniary maintenance of the worship in which he joins. Jesus commended the widow who gave but two mites to the temple of her faith. There was a wisdom, no less than benevolence in this example we should do well to imitate. God hasten the day when it can be said, not of the Catholic church alone, as is now, I believe, the case, but of every denomination and sect in Christendom, that the humblest of its worshippers brings his tribute, according to his ability to that altar, where the poor man should "rejoice in that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low."

I do not say that Christianity forbids all those distinctions that rest upon the outward possessions and relations of life. It allows every man to enjoy the fruits of his own industry, and protects him in his rights both of person and property. There is nothing agrarian in its spirit; it does not level downward; it never arrays one class against another; it never stimulates to selfishness and rapacity. On the contrary, it breathes everywhere, between all men, and at all times, a spirit of consideration, gentleness and kindness.

Among the signs of our own age friendly to the union of all classes at the altar is the growing recognition of the great doctrine of Human Brotherhood. No longer do Christian men shut up their sympathies within their own nation, sect, or cast. A new meaning is now given to that once narrow phrase, "Our neighbor." No more is it confined to the Jew; it is not circumscribed by lines and localities; but, taking the widest possible survey,

"Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole removed."

A beautiful illustration of this sentiment is furnished at this moment in the relief afforded by our country to the famishing millions of Ireland and Scotland. The call for charity has been obeyed on the instant; east, west, north and south, our people as one have responded to the appeal. All sects and all parties vie with each other in the noble work, and the rulers of the nation commission one of her vessels to bear these generous gifts to our perishing brethren. It is a blessed and a blessing spectacle. We owe it to the genius of Christianity, and to her be the praise.

Look where we will, we see our religion receiving large and still larger numbers in its kindly embrace. No age can be compared with the present in the extent of its philanthropy. We have associations for the relief of every form of suffering and for the extension of new rights and privileges to the whole human race. We have societies called the "Brotherhood of Nations," and the "League of Universal Brotherhood;" we have even "World's Conventions" in the cause of humanity. No class are overlooked, no form of evil is forgotten, no human being is thought too low to be regarded and saved. The inebriate is no longer despised and trampled beneath our feet, but he is taken up, reformed, and becomes a man. The slave is finding every day new friends; it is felt more and more widely that man cannot hold property in the image of God; the master feels it, and let appearances be adverse as they may to freedom in any quarter for the moment, they are only appearances. The great tide of freedom is setting through the world, and wherever Christianity is received and obeyed, the enslaved must be emancipated. Heaven above and earth beneath have pronounced the fiat, that the day dawns when by the joint agency of civilization and religion, slavery shall be no more. The great cause of Peace is enlisting more and more hearts; war is unpopular; it requires an apology; it cannot abide the light of this age; it cannot look the Gospel in the face. The criminal is now visited in his cell; legislation looks kindly upon him, and his restoration to virtue and honor is advocated. The poor seaman is pitied and befriended; aye, the alien is welcomed by the philanthropist. The time hastens on when humanity shall be deemed even greater than patriotism. God bless these Christian enterprises, and give us still larger mental conceptions on this subject, and still deeper and sincerer aspirations for the practical prevalence of the great sentiment that the whole race are "members one of another."

It is an encouraging feature of our age that Christianity is becoming more and more the basis of philanthropic action. During the French Revolution, our religion was openly and formally divorced from its rightful connection with the cause of popular progress. A disposition has been manifested in some quarters, even in our own day, to continue this unhallowed disunion of "what God hath joined together." There are those who would exclude all recognition of religion from the Temperance reform; there are those who make the abolition of slavery a mere party and political movement; so are there many whose aversion to war arises chiefly from its disastrous effects in a commercial and economical aspect. But I believe multitudes are coming to oppose these and other great evils in society on Christian grounds. It is

seen and felt how utterly irreconcilable they are with the spirit of Christ and the principles of his religion. To attempt now the defence of these evils from the Bible shocks nearly the whole civilized world. They are admitted to be wrong, but justified, if at all, as necessary evils. There is a moral sensibility spreading more and more widely, which regards the practices referred to as violations of the law of God and at war with the principle of human brotherhood. To increase this tenderness of conscience, by mild yet earnest and persevering measures, to hold up what is wrong in society before the mirror of Christianity, is the special mission of this age. To awaken a deep piety which shall inspire all men to be dutiful to God as their common Father, and to cherish an unaffected spirit of good will to man and an active benevolence, is our glorious ministry.

It is easy to demonstrate that if society, if individuals and the masses, are ever to be delivered from the burdens which now oppress them, it can be done only by the power of sincere Christian love. Bitterness and personal hostility will fail; violence will fail; law, let its penalties be ever so wise or severe, may fail; but love, Christian charity, never fails. Jesus Christ relied wholly upon this; he was gentle and meek; he did "not cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets;" and yet look at the work he accomplished. Amid those who employed violence and wrath against him, he moved on calm and firm, and put his whole trust in those spiritual weapons which, age after age have proved to be divinely tempered, and able, through God, to quench the fiery darts of passion and force. The mob can destroy, but Christianity alone can build up; selfishness, pride, or recklessness may overthrow existing institutions, but Christianity alone can erect upon their ruins the enduring monuments of wisdom and beneficence. It alone is positive, constructive, the all-embracing, all-elevating and sanctifying principle, whether in associated or individual action. The men who are to save our race must purify their own souls into an unfeigned love; they must be born, not of the will of the flesh, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever.

No one can fail to observe the benign influence of the Gospel in its effect on some of the present Associations for the improvement of society. To many minds our age appears marked by a spirit of collision, contention and discord, breaking forth in politics, in business, in many social relations, and in private affairs. We have associations and communities formed by those who are impressed and pained by this wide-spread antagonism. Experiments have been tried to remove it, but most of them have failed: and that because they excluded the

doctrines, the spirit and the worship of Christianity. It is an omen of new success that they begin now to pay homage to the once rejected Christ. We hear of the "Religious Union of Associationists," and of "The Church of Humanity;" this is a noble name; may it be honorably sustained; let us have, the world over, one grand "Church of Humanity;" let our children be baptized into its blessed spirit; and let us one and all partake of its earth-including communion.

We may take courage from the advance of humane and liberal principles which Christianity is now causing in Civil Government. Much as we see in legislation to regret as Christians, we cannot but perceive evidences that the expansive temper of the Gospel is affecting the councils of many nations. There is a strife among parties for the palm of genuine democracy; the interests of the masses are regarded, commerce is conducted on more enlarged and generous principles, and our judicial tribunals and courts of justice manifest a higher consideration for the claims of all classes of society. We hear of mass meetings for various objects, and the name of Christ is respected by them. Kings and princes, cabinets and administrations are yielding to his sway. Even the frozen realms of Papacy have now a brighter coronation; Rome herself has a reformer in her present pontiff. He has heard the sighing of the prisoner, and seems resolved to "do justice and love mercy" in many of his public relations. God grant that we, distinguished above all nations by our free institutions, may drink in the Christian principle of the brotherhood of man until we become really and universally a living branch of God's great family of spiritual freemen.

In the province of Education, we may remark the growing influence of Christian sentiments. Institutions for the instruction of a favored few are less and less popular, while the call increases for "Common Schools." The people demand that the children of all classes shall be taught together, in free schools. Commensurate also with the diffusion of education is the elevation of its moral tone. While we would bar our schools against sectarian efforts, all sects are emulous of an increased Christian influence, and desire morality and piety to prevail among teachers and pupils. Our literature, which is but another instrument for popular instruction, is pervaded more and more with Christian ideas, and suited to inspire the philanthropy of the New Testament. We owe our "People's Journals," books of knowledge, for the people, libraries, lectures, &c. given for their benefit, primarily to religion. Not to lose sight of the numbers of corrupting books poured forth in some sections, we cannot take a large view of literature and science, without perceiving that in the main they do respect

the Christian religion; nay, they are imbued to no ordinary extent with its spirit and principles. There are masses of impure writings now in circulation; yet even they, like the eternal glaciers amid the Alps, do feel the "Sun of righteousness," and if not melted, they are moved, by the genial beams of the Gospel.

To come directly to the province of Christian institutions, we find these more faithful than ever before to the law of Christ. The Sunday school was commenced for the instruction of one class, the poor alone; it is now open to all classes, and our children on the holy day unite in one blessed fraternity. The Bible was once allowed only to the priesthood; but Protestantism, one of whose main arteries is the doctrine of human equality, has given the Bible to the laity, and now it is wafted over all waters; and the little tract, on dove-like wings, is flying over the wide globe and carrying light and love to all souls. The missionary spirit is spreading far and wide; it is felt by the Christian world that our holy religion should be, like the gifts of nature and Providence, presented to all people, regardless of color, caste or clan. It is contemplated even to send the Bible to the slave,—and who can object? how can we withhold it from him? Send it forth, till the glad tidings shall irradiate bond and free, ruler and ruled, high and low.

In the spirit of our times, pervaded as it has so far been, by Christianity, it is beginning to be felt that he is the genuine Christian whose creed is,

"Love all below, and worship all above."

And hence the doctrine of human brotherhood is entering into the arrangements of many of our houses for public worship. In our own country, the great truth that "all men are born free and equal," is exerting an increased power in the Church, no less than in our civil and political relations. As the elective franchise is more widely extended, and the rights of all classes are more generally acknowledged, the sad incongruity of distinctions in the house of God, based on worldly considerations alone, begins to be seen and felt. Accordingly all denominations, Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal, Partialist and Universalist, are now establishing "free churches." In some of our cities the voluntary principle has been introduced in part, and the effort is making to extend it still farther. It has become manifest that the Gospel cannot be preached in its whole range either to the poor or the rich alone, and that it is inconsistent with the impartial affluence of the Christian dispensation to exclude any from the sanctuary for their outward circumstances alone; that it is better to take upon oneself "the

form of a servant" while in the house of God, yes, better to incur the odium of being "a friend of publicans and sinners" even, than to bar the doors of the church against any man, be his condition what it may, who desires to hear the word of God preached.

Animated by these views and feelings, and desirous not only of personal benefit, but of doing something for the spiritual edification of the needy, you have formed in this fair portion of our city, a new Religious Society. The success that has thus far attended your efforts has shown the wisdom of the movement. Amid a population rapidly increasing and incommoded by their distance from the present houses of worship, you have erected another temple to the service of the Most High. On these beautiful grounds and from this elevated spot you desire to look far and wide, and invite "every one that thirsteth" to come and "take the water of life freely." It is our hope that "the rich and poor may here meet together," and that, according to the ability which God hath given them, and as their unbidden liberality shall dictate, they may contribute to the support of this altar. With a generous faith in human nature, in a spirit of humility, and looking up to God for the increase, you have given yourselves,—I cannot forbear saying it,—devotedly, both by unwearied personal exertions and sacrifices, and by your worldly goods, to the prosecution of this arduous enterprise. To-day you behold in this goodly structure, the result of your efforts. Thanks be to Him who has so signally prospered your undertaking. May its high spiritual purpose be helped forward and blessed by the same Guardian Power.

To myself,—impressed as I have been for these many years with a growing conviction of the importance of the principle set forth in this discourse, and having repeatedly, in private and in public, expressed my desire to see the experiment fairly tried of a church built and supported upon the broad Christian ground of voluntary contributions, and of opening wide the door to all who hunger for the bread of life,—this is an hour of no ordinary emotions. Thanks be to Him who permits me at length to lift up my voice within walls dedicated to the free spirit of the Gospel. Here and in a cause so emphatically divine would I spend and be spent; no situation deserves labors and sacrifices like this. God help pastor and people to be true to their trust.

To this great work we would now dedicate these walls. Let them be sacred to the one living and true God, to that Being who is no respecter of persons, the universal Father of mankind. We dedicate this house to Jesus Christ, who came to seek and, to save that which was lost, who was "anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor"; who was sent "to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the

captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised." Here may Christ be ever set forth as the Saviour of the ends of the earth, as the way, the truth and the life, and through him may God manifest in the flesh, prove to multitudes the salvation of their souls.

We dedicate our church to the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier, the Comforter, the Dispenser of grace, mercy and peace, to the penitent. We devote it to the worship of the Father, in spirit and in truth. In this the most solemn of our acts in the house of God, may all who come up hither, reverently unite; and whether, according to our present form of service, you shall respond to the inspirations of the Psalmist, or join in the prayer of our Lord, or follow him who guides your unwritten devotions, may it be to you individually, an heart-felt offering. When, at the close of each discourse, you are invited to meditate on the spoken word, and to commune with your own heart, and with your Father in heaven, let the solemn silence of that season bear witness that God is verily in your thoughts. We dedicate this house to the songs of thanksgiving and praise, and to the penitential hymn. Throughout the congregation may many join in the sweet fellowship of our sacred harmony; and may every voice that shall here utter the language of melody be filled with the emotions of piety.

We consecrate this pulpit to instruction in the simple doctrine of the Gospel, to the dissemination of the free, broad, spiritual, and all-comprehending truth as it is in Jesus. May every mind that shall here minister, watch for new light to break forth from the Word of God, and keep back nothing that shall be profitable for this people. We dedicate our baptismal font to imprinting the seal of God's love through Christ on the brow of our offspring; and this communion table to the remembrance of him whose love for us was stronger than death.

We consecrate this house to the inculcation of Christian Philanthropy. May there be kindled on this altar a fire of love that shall burn brighter and brighter until those evils and sins, which now afflict humanity, shall be consumed by the power of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God. May the worshippers who shall gather within these walls in all coming days, be filled to overflowing with the tender, the enlarged and all-conquering spirit of Christianity. May those great principles be here imbibed, whose aim and end is to secure freedom, temperance, righteousness and peace to every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.

As the root of this high virtue, let there be ever set forth in this house the paramount and all-commanding claims of private Purity

and personal Holiness. Let piety and benevolence always be united, always represented as twin-branches of the tree of life.

"Be the heart all humanity, the soul all God's."

We have now offered up this building to the Father of lights and of mercies. We have consecrated it to sacred services. That the sacrifice may be accepted, let us each and all consecrate ourselves to the Ever Living One. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" Come with this impression on your minds, and your very presence shall hallow this place. Come as those filled with the Spirit of God; come as his conscious, immortal offspring, and each passing year diviner and sweeter associations shall cluster round these walls. Here, amid the cares of life, when toil, perplexity, privation and want are your lot, you shall find rest to your soul. Here, in hours of gladness, you shall drink delight from your Father; and when trouble overtakes you, when your loved ones have passed away, "passed on," and your hearts are disconsolate, amid bereavement and sorrows, with which no stranger can intermeddle, you shall meet here the God of all peace. You shall never turn from this Zion of your affections without a deeper Faith, a more enlarged Love, a new thirst for Heaven, and new power to meet the temptations, and vanquish the sins, and bear the burdens of this eventful world.

A MAJESTIC FLOWER.—"We find in an exchange paper, a description of a flowering tree, which is found in the interior of Ceylon, and may be considered as a wonderful curiosity, excelling in beauty and grandeur, all other plants in the vegetable kingdom. The body of the tree is sixty feet high, and straight as a ship's mast, without limb or leaf, but supporting at the top an immense tuft of leaves, each of which is ten or twelve feet long. The stalks of these leaves clasp the body of the tree, and incline outward, the long leaves bending over in a graceful curve. This vast crown of evergreen, is of itself very grand; but when the tree is about fifty years old, there rises from its centre a cone, several feet in height, which gradually enlarges until at length it bursts with a loud explosion, and a vast brilliant golden-colored flower twelve feet in diameter, appears over the elevated tuft of leaves, as a gorgeous diadem on the head of this queen of the forest. The tree never blossoms but once, and does not long survive this grand display of magnificence."

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT ASHEY, MASS.—Rev. Theophilus Pipon Doggett, late of South Bridgewater, was installed as Pastor of the first Church and Society in Ashby, Mass., February 24, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston, from 2 Peter iii. 11; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Doggett of Raynham; the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Babbidge of Pepperell; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; and the other services by Rev. Messrs. Smith of Groton, and Chandler of Shirley.

ORDINATION AT BRATTLEBORO', VT.—The Ordination of Mr. Farrington McIntyre, lately of the Theological School at Cambridge, took place April 15, 1847, at Brattleboro', Vt. The following is the order of exercises:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Everett; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Bridge; Hymn; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Hymn; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. A. Brown; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Gannett; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Moors; Hymn; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Livermore; Benediction by the Pastor.

ORDINATION AT HUBBARDSTON, MASS.—Rev. George T. Hill, late of the Theological School at Meadville, Penn., was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Hubbardston, Mass., on Wednesday, April 14, 1847. The services proceeded in the following order:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bond of Barre; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Bradford of Bridgewater; Sermon, by Rev. Henry F. Harrington of Albany, N. Y., from John xvii. 17; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Wellington of Templeton; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Adams of Templeton.

BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.—The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches held their Thirteenth Anniversary at the Rev. Dr. Gannett's church on the evening of Fast Day, April 8th. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Parkman, after which the President, Henry B. Rogers, Esq., made some appropriate remarks, on the Origin and Purposes of the Ministry at Large. The Annual Report was then presented by the Secretary, Rev. R. C. Waterston, which embodied an abstract from the Report of the various Ministers at Large,—

Rev. Messrs. Craft, Winkley, Bigelow, Burton, Ware, and also an abstract from a Report, by Mr. Barnard. Two additional ministers had been appointed during the year—Rev. Mr. Winkley, and Rev. William Ware. Two of the ministers had charge of chapels, and the others have devoted themselves wholly to visiting.

Rev. Mr. Craft had made during the year, in addition to his chapel labors, 2000 visits. Rev. Dr. Bigelow had made 2100 visits; another within six months had made 1500 visits. Rev. Mr. Burton has passed his time in visiting among the destitute and has given much attention to the subject of juvenile vagrancy. The Rev. Mr. Barnard stated that having been in this field of labor for fifteen years, he was more deeply impressed than ever with its importance. His Report gave some account of his experience and presented some important results. Rev. Mr. Ware had been in the work but a short time, but he had seen enough to know that there was much poverty and suffering, and great need for Christian effort. The Secretary then went on to show that much of the good order, morality and industry of our community was owing to the influence of this ministry. He stated that during the past year more than 15,000 foreigners had arrived at this port, and since the first of January over 2000 more, many in the deepest poverty and extreme suffering. When we remember this fact alone—so far from wondering at the amount of poverty and suffering which exists—we may only wonder that there is no more. We have now five ministers besides Mr. Barnard, and yet who will say this is too many? Who will say that with a population of 120,000 it is enough?

The Report embodied many valuable facts and gave an encouraging account of the present condition of this Ministry, though it stated that an additional sum would be needed to defray the necessary expenses during the coming year.

After the reading of the Report, appropriate and eloquent addresses were made by Rev. S. K. Lothrop, Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, and Benjamin Seaver, Esq. of Boston—after which the Report was accepted, and the interesting services of the evening were closed by singing the Doxology.

At the Business Meeting of the Fraternity held April 19th, the following Officers were chosen for the present year:—H. B. Rogers, Esq., President; Benjamin Seaver, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. R. C. Waterston, Secretary; and Rev. S. K. Lothrop, and Abiel Chandler, Esq., Members of the Executive Committee.

THE TABLES TURNED UPON A VICAR.—The Puseyite vicar of North Shields had the tables very *elegantly* turned upon him on Sunday. For some time past he has hindered the churchwardens from taking collections for any purposes in the church—and during the cold weather, when they wanted a collection, they have had to stand, bareheaded, outside the church, to receive it. On Sunday he read the Queen's letter; and, after doing so, marched up to the altar and commenced reading the offertory, expecting that the worshipful the churchwardens would go about and take a collection on behalf of the poor Irish; but, no! they struck; and after exhausting his subject he made a solemn pause, and then pronounced the benediction; the congregation departing with anything but solemn phizes. — *Nonconformist*.